

Another Point Of View

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I snuggled up against Ray, my twin. She was already asleep, but I was restless again. Her breathing was soft and it was so cold in the forest that you could see the wisps of breath coming from her nostrils.

Finally, our mother came back with a few apples. "Wake up, Ray," she said, giving her a little kick.

"Hello, mother," I said cheerfully. "Glad to see you home again."

"Thank you, Trey," she said wearily, handing me my apple. The apple was cold, but I was so hungry I didn't care.

"Wake UP, Ray!" my mother practically yelled at my lazy sister, giving her slightly harder kick.

Ray muttered a few words she wasn't supposed to know at her- our- age.

"Here's your apple," Mother said, shoving it in her face. "Eat."

I knew our mom had me as the favorite, because Ray was aggressive and mean and stubborn. Unlike me, I guess.

I finished my apple and got ready for bed again. Ray took one bite of hers and complained, "It's too cold."

"Eat it," my mother snapped.

"I'm not hungry. I wanna go to sleep."

"Then go to sleep! You can have this for breakfast."

I was already half asleep during this conversation. I felt Ray's coarse, rough fur rub against my own soft fur. We fell asleep, but I don't know when Momma finally went to bed.

I woke up the in the middle of the night at the sound of a human's hollering. He said, "Hey, Joe, lookie here! Twin Pikachu! Haha! Let's catch 'em!"

"Right-o, bro!" a second voice said.

I realized they were talking about us. "What're they gonna do?" I wondered.

"Catch us, duh," Ray said, and I could sense the adrenaline pumping through her veins. She got up.

"Maybe this isn't very safe," I cautioned. "What if we get hurt?"

"Eat my dust!" Ray said giddily. "You sure don't act like a boy, you know that?"

"You make up for it," I muttered, stepping behind a bush so the humans wouldn't see me. Ray didn't do this, that idiot.

Suddenly, Mother jumped in front of her and got into a battle position, which we learned in month one-point-five. "Get away from here, Ray," she snapped.

"Lookit, it's a mom," the first boy said. "A Pikachu, as well."

"Duh," the second one said. "I'm gonna catch her, you can have the kids. Go, Raichu!" He threw what was called a Pokeball, for holding Pokemon.

"Raiiichuuu," the Raichu said. I've heard about Raichus. They're supposed to be related to us, but this one was huge! He towered above our mother. But then a puzzled look went over his face. "I'm supposed to battle you? I only battle hard Pokemon. You're too easy to beat."

"Beat this!" Mother said, using the move Thunder on him. I haven't learned that yet, and neither has Ray.

The Raichu absorbed the shock with his weird-looking tail. Then he shot it back at her.

"Ahhhh!" Mother cried in pain. Raichu's trainer threw a Pokeball at her, and that's the last I've ever seen of her.

Panicked, I grabbed Ray by the tail and ran away with her. She went along reluctantly, which surprised me. She seemed to be in a trance.

When we got to an area that seemed safe, I demanded, "What's your

problem???"

"I wanna be that when I grow up," Ray said dreamily.

"What? A problem?"

"No, duh, a Raichu. Man, he was handsome. That's what I'M gonna be."

"HANDSOME??? He took Mother!!!" I shouted, still terrified.

"Yeah. Poor geezer finally bit the dust," Ray said gruffly.

"Oh, FORGET it," I snapped angrily. "I'm gonna stay as a Pikachu 'cause that's the way Momma would have liked it!"

"Momma. You're still such a kid," she teased.

Just then, Raichu popped out of nowhere. I yelled in panic, but he slapped his paw over my mouth.

"I'm sorry about your mother," he said. "I didn't want to do it at all, but I had to. Look, I'm supposed to be looking for you, but I'm gonna help you, instead, if you'll trust me." He glanced at me, then at Ray.

"Sure I trust you!" Ray said happily.

"Um, okay," he answered, obviously surprised at her quick answer. "Just north of here is a Pokemon Lab. An old man named Professor Oak runs it. He's really nice. He'll protect you. Go there, now, and you won't be caught. It's a lot better than living out here."

"I'll take your word for it," Ray said, rushing north.

"How 'bout you, Little Guy?" he said, looking at me.

"I hafta take care of my sis," I grumbled. "She's a little crazy."

"I see."

I followed Ray. She still had that dreamy look on her face. Rain started sprinkling on us.

"There it is," I announced, seeing a large building that looked like a Lab.

"Yuppers," she said. We stopped at the door. "So. Now what?"

"We knock, I guess," I replied, tapping my paw on the door softly so I wouldn't leave a mark.

"Oh, you wuss," Ray complained, and then started banging her fist against the door.

An old man- Professor Oak, I think- opened the door and looked down at us. "Well, hello," he said sweetly. "I don't usually get visitors at this time of the night. Won't you come in?"

Ray walked in without hesitation, and I followed her.

We entered a large room. Pokemon were running around everywhere, so I figured it was a safe place. A Jigglypuff walked up to me. "Hello!" she said. "Welcome to Professor Oak's Lab! It's great here! Please stay!"

"Um, okay..."

I looked for Ray. She was talking with a small group of Raichu's.

"What exactly do you do here?" I asked.

"Well, every year some boys come here and pick us from the group for Pokemon training! We get a prep training already, but lotsa Pokemon say the real thing is much more exciting!" the Jigglypuff said. "My name's Singer. What's yours?"

"My name's Trey."

"Cool. Um, the only bad thing here is that they call you by your species, so you would be Pikachu, I would be Jigglypuff," Singer explained.

"Oh."

***** Over the two years that we'd been here, Ray had been giving herself extra training by battling anyone who'd be willing. I think she was a little bloodthirsty. She was much more powerful than me, now, and had already learned all the Pikachu moves, including the Speed attacks.

I was a little shy and only trained myself in the prep. A boy had taken Singer. In fact, a lot of the Pokemon, including all the Raichus, were taken. Then again, new Pokemon were always "shipped" in, so we didn't really have a problem with loneliness.

Then, one day, a quiet, nine-year-old boy walked in with a ten-year-old girl that was evidently his sister.

"Mary! Gary!" Professor Oak exclaimed. "What a nice surprise!"

"I'm here for my Pokemon, Grandpa!" the girl said sweetly.

"Well, alright. Choose anyone you want." The only ones left were Ray, a Squirtle, a Bulbasaur, a Charmander, an Eevee, and I.

"I choose the Eevee!" Mary said. "He's so cute!"

"Alright. Here you go," Professor Oak said, putting Eevee in a Pokeball and giving her the ball. She started fussing over it and walked out the door, leaving the boy behind.

"What can I do for you, Gary?" Oak asked.

"Can I have a Pokemon?" he asked, shyly. "Mary said I might be able to have a pet Pokemon for awhile, then get another one for training when I'm ten?"

"I suppose we can arrange that."

He seemed nice. I hoped he picked me.

He looked at each of us for a while, and then laid his eyes on Ray.
"I want that one."

"Her? Well, she's a little tough. Why don't you pick the other
Pikachu? He's much more gentle."

"I want that Pikachu," he said stubbornly, keeping his eyes on Ray.
"She looks stronger."

I fought the urge to shock him.

"Well, alright. Come 'ere, girl," Oak called to Ray. She walked up to
him, scowling, and went into her Pokeball, which was handed to Gary.

He walked out, as well.

"What about us?" the Squirtle demanded. "How come all the cute and
cuddly Pokemon are always the ones that're picked?"

"Ray's not cuddly. She's not cute, either, for that matter," I said
to them.

"Shut up, Pikachu," Bulbasaur said. "I doubt ANYONE'S ever gonna pick
YOU!"

The three of them laughed rudely.

"Well, good, then!" I said. "I like it here with Professor Oak, so
there!"

"Whatever," Charmander said, and then they went on talking about
other things. I didn't pay any attention to them. One year later...

I knew that SOMEONE had to pick me that year. They just had to! Gary
would be coming that year, with Ray. Maybe he would pick me. I wanted
to be with Ray, anyhow.

We didn't get any new Pokemon that year, for some reason. So there
were just the four of us.

A girl walked in. I recognized her easily. Her name was Sherry, and
she came by often to help out with Pokemon. I liked her. She was
nice, and she was a great massager.

"So. Who do you pick?" Oak asked.

"I pick... Charmander!" she said.

Professor Oak gave her Charmander's Pokeball, with him inside.

A boy named Terry came in next. He picked Bulbasaur.

Finally, Gary came in. A Raichu was resting on his shoulder.

I realized the Raichu was Ray. It figured she'd get him to evolve her.

Gary changed a lot, too. His attitude was totally different from the year before's. He was mean and stubborn... and, well, mean. The shy character of him was dead. I became conscious that Ray had "trained" him to be that way to suit her own personality. I didn't like it.

I also didn't like that fact that Gary chose Squirtle without dithering. Ray stuck her tongue out at me.

I growled at her.

"Well, Pikachu, guess it's just you and me, now," Professor Oak said.

I was so angry that I "accidentally" broke one of his vials, and ate all his tofu.

"Bad Pikachu!" he scolded. "What's gotten into you? Get in your Pokeball!" He put me in.

I heard a new voice outside of my ball. He said, "I thought about it a lot, and it took me a long time, but I finally decided to chose... Squirtle!"

"Already chosen by someone who wasn't late," Oak said.

"Well, that's okay," the voice said, "because what I really wanted was... Charmander!"

"Also taken by a kid who was on time."

"Oh. Well, then I pick... Bulbasaur!"

"The early bird gets the worm, or, in this case, the Pokemon."

"Do you mean there are none left?"

"Well, there is one more..."

"Professor, I'll take it!"

I felt my ball being lifted onto the platform.

"I must warn you, there is a problem with this one..."

"I gotta have a Pokemon!" the voice said.

"Well, if you insist..."

I was let out of my Pokeball. I blinked from the sudden light and said, "Pikachu."

"It's name is Pikachu," Oak said.

"Wow! It's so cute, it's the best one of all!" the boy, whose name was Ash, said.

"You'll see."

"Hi, Pikachu!" he said, picking me up and hugging me.

I growled and shocked him.

"He's also known as electric mouse," Oak explained.

"Oh..." Ash said, still recovering from my shock.

"Here's your Pokedex and Pokeballs, to catch Pokemon with," Oak said.

"Thank... You..." Ash said, and when he touched Oak, they were both electrified.

"Your! Well! Come!"

Then Ash showed me to his mom and a bunch of other people. I shocked them, too.

After a while, Ash was dragging me by a clothesline and was wearing rubber gloves. I whined the entire way, and grew jealous of Ray, who must be loving her life.

"Pikachu, are you gonna be like this, the whole way?" Ash asked.

"Yes," I said, but it sounded like "Pi."

"Is it because you don't like me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I like you a lot. Don't you think you could open your mouth and tell me what's wrong?"

I opened my mouth.

"Um, that's not quite what I meant. Look, since you're my Pokemon, don't you think you should stay in your Pokeball, like it says here?" He pressed a button on Dexter.

"Most trained Pokemon stay in their Pokeballs," Dexter said.

I pressed a different button.

"Yet, there are exceptions. Some Pokemon hate being confined," Dexter added.

After that, Ash tried to catch a Pidgey, but I didn't help him. Finally, he threw a rock at one, but it turned out to be a Spearow, who then attacked me!

Think, Pikachu! I thought to myself. What would Ray do?

So I did what Ray would have done and shocked the Spearow.

"Speerooooow!" Spearow called to his friends, and Ash and I ended up being chased by them.

I can't really remembered what happened next, I was too panicked, the last thing I remember was being thrown out of a bike basket and Ash falling beside me.

"Pikachu... This can't... be happening," he said, putting his hand on my cheek. I was in pretty bad shape.

"Pika," I said weakly.

This was not how it was going to end... No! The very thought of me dying like this while Ray was at liberty was heart breaking... It wasn't going to happen! But my body fought against my thoughts and I was in such pain I couldn't even get up.

"Pikachu, I know you're scared, but get inside your Pokeball, and maybe I can save you. And after that... After that, just trust me!" Ash said, taking my Pokeball and putting it beside me. He stood up to the Spearows.

"Spearows, do you know who I am? I am Ash Ketchum, from the town of Pallet! I'm destined to become a Pokemon Master, and I'm gonna catch and defeat you all, you hear me????!!!" He looked back at me.

"Pikachu, get inside your Pokeball, it's the only way."

I looked at him, but didn't get inside.

"Come. And. Get me!" Ash yelled at the Spearows, and they flew toward him at a fast speed.

I gathered my strength and leaped to Ash's shoulder, then leaped to the Spearows, and shocked them with all the electricity I had left.
"PiiiiiiiikaaaaaaaCHUUUUUUU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!"

And then all was black.

End
file.